

# AMERICAN WOMEN AND COCKTAILS—BY EDGAR SALTUS.

NARRAGANSETT PIER, Sept. 5.—Years ago, in the hearing of the writer, Little, the wisest and gentlest of Frenchmen, stated that Hippocrates recommended everybody to get drunk once a month, that it was salutary, good for the system, and relaxed the tension of the nerves. Little must have known what he was talking about, for he put Hippocrates into French, into ten volumes at that.

To say one thing and do another happens to everyone, even to the best. The life of Hippocrates is a chronicle of respectability. Like other thinkers, before and since, he kept his vices in cages, where he alone could go and see how they were. If he got drunk not even his baby sister knew it. Anyway, it would not matter here, it is his commendation of inebriety which connects him with Narragansett.

Hippocrates said once a month, Narragansett says early and often. But just here discretion will be of use.

There are two Narragansetts. In the first are the elect. In the second there are others. It is of the first alone that hitherto the writer has had space to tell. Now that the season is at an end, it would be unrighteous to further neglect the second. Besides, they deserve notice. They have been prodigal, thirsty and highly entertaining. They came here to have a good time, and, according to their lights, they had it. How many bottles of brandy they consumed, how many kegs of champagne they got outside of, God only knows, and to say "God only" is an exaggeration. There was no keeping tally.

They drank in their rooms; they drank at the bar; they drank at tables; they drank upstairs, downstairs and in their ladies' chamber. They observed to the letter the adage which holds that there are but two occasions at which to drink—when you have eaten and when you haven't. What they do at home one may surmise, yet never know. It is the power of suggestion they exhibit here which filled you with envy and then with remorse.

an emotion, paralytic, cathartic, which a dash of blitters, a little alcohol, a spoonful of vermuth and a cube of whiskey, properly shaken, leed and swallowed, seemed to dissipate at once. They were rarely rocky, briefly at that.

It was the anomalous properties of the atmosphere which enabled them to stand up without falling down, to boogie an evening through, and show up fresh in the morning. But all that is detail, immaterial besides. It is the spectacle presented and the influences distilled, which alone it is worth while to consider. The hours of assembly at the Casino were from noon to 2 and from 8 to midnight. Previously there is the bath, which together, subsequently there is the bed, which recuperates. Were it not for both, Narragansett, would be a cemetery, with asylum for an annex. As it is, unless you happened to use eyeglasses, you might drop in and drop out of the Casino without suspecting that there was a thing wrong. Before the Casino is a terrace, on which, in lieu of trees, there are Japanese umbrellas. Beneath and about them are tables. There are tables also on the piazza, which faces the terrace. In front is a kiosk, from which music is passed, sometimes true, sometimes false as Judas. Beyond is a hedge, and tempesty the ocean.

At high noon it is very brilliant. At the tables are women exceptional, by well dressed. With them or without them are men mainly adolescent. Here and there you will see groups of children, kids of twelve and fourteen. There is little promenading; all are seated. There is much animation; all are talking. There is no eating; all are drinking.

Among the girls and young matrons, to whom the writer, in other articles, has more than once referred, there is an occasional consumption of horse collars, diversified, through excess of simplicity, with hot water, and as often as not more often than not with nothing at all.

The others also take horse collars, which, being translated, means ginger-ale, with a curl of lemon peel in it. But in this category preferences are largely alcoholic. You will see whiskey straight and gin flasks absorbed and repeated. You will see cocktails; you will smell them, too, and pres-

## FACIAL MASSAGE FOR MEN

The New York Man of Fashion Has Adopted a New Fad That Makes Him Look Well.

Facial massage is now the correct thing for the man who prides himself on being well groomed. Treatment of women's faces by different processes is an old story, but it is something entirely new for man to step into a massage parlor and have his features massaged.

No rapidly has the new cult grown in favor that one of the largest massage establishments in the city devotes a special parlor to the exclusive use of its male customers, and a number of expert operators who were selected with something of an eye to their personal appearance are detailed to this department.

The pioneer in this particular field is the proprietor of an establishment patronized by a large number of society people. A short time ago the husband of one of the customers decided that he wanted his complexion fixed up. He had been on a yacht trip and his skin was rough and tanned. Little wrinkles had formed on his forehead and under his eyes from squinting under the glare of the sun.

He was assured that in a dozen or so

treatments he could be made thoroughly presentable, and he at once put his damaged face into the hands of one of the operators. After removing his collar and having a soft towel tucked under his chin he patiently submitted to having his face washed with hot water. After all the surface oil had been removed and the pores of the skin thoroughly opened the deft-handed young operator applied a lotion which was allowed to dry and the face was again washed thoroughly with very hot water containing a few drops of a pure tonic syrup of soap. Immediately after the hot application came a spray of ice cold water, which caused the subject to gasp and ask some leading questions. The cold douche was good for him, he was told, as it produced an immediate reaction of the blood vessels and caused a healthy, stimulating action of the skin.

The tiny wrinkles about the corner of the eye and on the forehead were the next to receive the attention of the attendant. The face was kneaded like a piece of dough for about twenty minutes, after which a wash of what are termed skin foods was applied to the face. A half-dozen treatments like this and the first man in New York to have his face massaged found to his gratified surprise that his face was ruddy and healthy in appearance, and there was not the slightest suspicion of a wrin-

## OUR BIG POST OFFICE.

Postmaster Dayton Interviewed on the Details and Management of the Local System.

One of the busiest places in this country is the New York Post Office. It is a sort of centre of gravity for the postal system of the entire country. The detail of its business is immense, but the machinery of its management runs as smoothly and regularly as an eight-day clock.

"Before I became Postmaster of the city," said Postmaster Dayton to a Journal reporter, "I knew as little about the details of the postal service as a Kaffir knows of a telescope or the system of Copernicus. The complexity of the system, its immensity, its responsibilities, its necessities and its numerous army of officials, clerks and carriers, faced me like an intricate problem, the perfect working of which seemed beyond my capacity."

"The New York Post Office is the key to the postal service of the entire country. It is the clearing house of the money order system, and upon the work of this office depends in no small degree the regularity of the mail service of the country."

"It might be very interesting to trace mentally the travels of a letter for the transmission of which the Government receives two cents. A business man in New York writes to his agent in Chicago. He

places the letter in a box at the corner of Seventy-eighth street and Third avenue at 11 a. m. A collector takes it from the box and brings it to Station "Y," on Third avenue, near Sixty-eighth street. Here, among thousands of others for all points, this letter is sorted for the West.

"At 12 o'clock it is placed in a cable mail car, and at Forty-fourth street and Third avenue a messenger meets the car and takes the pouch containing the letter to Station "H," at the corner of Forty-fourth street and Lexington avenue. Fifty minutes later this letter is on a railway mail service car at the Grand Central Depot. At 1 o'clock this train starts, and on route the letter is sorted for the local delivery in Chicago. The letter is delivered to its destination the next day at 2:30 p. m., less than thirty-six hours being occupied in transmitting the letter a distance of 1,000 miles.

"There are twenty-four branch offices in this city, each managed by a superintendent. Every one of these is a post office in itself, and last year these offices did business to the amount of \$8,371,704.70.

"Besides these branch offices there are forty-six sub-stations, each with a clerk in charge. Here stamps are sold, domestic money orders issued and letters registered. Sub-stations are usually located in drug stores, for which the Government pays from \$400 to \$500 per annum. Last year these places sold \$242,748.48 worth of stamps.

## A VOLCANIC WONDER.

The Largest District of This Sort in the World Is Located in the Northwest.

The entire absence of easily recognized volcanic craters in the eastern part of the United States has tended to create the impression that in volcanoes this country is below the average. But to dispel this notion it is only necessary to make a trip through the Northwest. In Washington, Oregon, California, Nevada and Idaho is the largest volcanic district in the world. The Lassen Peak volcanic ridges, the most general feature in this district, resulted chiefly from superficial accumulations of material thrown out from within the earth and piled up in mountain masses about the point of exit. From the summit of Lassen Peak, looking north-east, a dark and desolate lava field and craters are pointed out as the "Cinder Cone." This may be comfortably reached on horse-back, but a camping outfit is necessary, as there is no settlement near the place.

Approaching the region the traveler first encounters a sprinkling of fine volcanic sand, and small bits of dark brown pumice spread on the ground. This increases as he goes until the sand gives character to the whole landscape, imparting a dull, dark

hue to the soft earth and rendering travel difficult. When first seen, on a clear view, Cinder Cone gives the impression of newness. One looks in vain for steam rising from the center, and feels disappointment at seeing none.

Charred trunks of trees attest the great heat of the place in recent times, but one cannot find on the living trees a trace of volcanic sand that might have lodged in knot holes as it fell. The dull and sombre aspect of the slopes is greatly relieved on the southeast side by the carmine and orange colored Lapilli, so that from a distance it has the pleasing hues of a sunset.

The strangeness of the scene is greatly enhanced by the almost complete absence of vegetation. Only two small bushes cling upon the outer slopes to give life to the barren cone. No white man or Indian now living is known to have been an eye witness to the eruption, and it must be remembered that such an eruption would not leave the people of that region in doubt as to what was happening.

A number of persons now living in the Sacramento Valley, who crossed the emigrant trail at the base of the cone in 1853, say that the lonely bushes growing near the summit were apparently as large as now. Whatever may be the historical testimony as to the time of the eruption, the geologic evidence clearly shows it before the beginning of this century.

## QUEER WAY TO GET A WIFE

The Most Peculiar System of Selection in the World Is Found in Russia.

The strangest system of selecting a wife known to civilized countries exists in Russia. It is called a game, but it is a very serious one, and always takes place at Christmas time.

Some one of prominence in a village announces that the annual merry-making will be held at his house. On the appointed day the young men and women hasten in huge excitement to the meeting place. There are songs and games and dances, but they are simply a prelude to the more important business of the day.

When the time comes the hostess leads all the girls into one room, where they seat themselves on the benches. Laughing and chattering, they are each promptly muffled in winding sheets by the hostess. The head and hair and figure are completely covered, and when this is done the girls resemble mummies.

The young men draw lots, and one by one they enter the room where the muffled girls sit. Helpless so far as sight or touch goes, the puzzled lover tries to find his favorite. Finally he chooses one, and then he may unveil her.

It is the custom that the man shall marry the girl he has picked out, and if either backs out a heavy forfeit must be paid. It is said this matrimonial lottery is productive of many happy marriages.

The Casino  
at Narragansett  
Pier

Photographed  
for the  
Sunday Journal.

put on airs, too, and shrug their shoulders at reproaches. Such things exhibit a lady, and when, as now and again will occur, the furling is done by her most intimate enemy, indignation sets in and quarrels ensue.

Lunch over, should opportunity permit, there may be a cigarette, but usually there is lethargy; the early afternoon is apt to be somnolent, vivified in its subsidence by the savors of the sea, the breeze on the Ocean Drive or a spin on a restive bike.

The diversions of the morning the evening renews. The terrace is packed, the smell of drink pervasive. It is then that the men take a hand, and you see young chaps, loaded to the brim with the deliciousness of girls' faces on subjects from which edelweiss and myosotis have gone. And it is then, too, when nights are dark, that back verandas are vibrant with oscillations.

Meanwhile, among the maturer, the process of absorption proceeds. The fizzes of the morning reappear, and with them mint creams, apricot brandy,

Marie Brissards, absinthe gullolet and Amer Picon, a beverage which tastes of orange and resembles ink. Beer is never ordered, wine is never touched. Victor Hugo, as you remember, declared that clever people need the stimulus of wine, and with that

luxury of citation which was usual to him showed that the Greeks lost their brilliance when the Turks destroyed their vines. The Latins of Europe are very bright in their talk, very temperate in their habits. The use of alcohol is infrequent among Latins; the women who drink are rare. It is Englishwomen who drink, and, in a minor degree, our own. Now,

the writer may be in error—he frequently is—but time and again, as he has sat in the Casino, it has occurred to him that, since

women will drink, it would be better did they prefer the delicate and perfumed vineyards of the Moselle, or the equally delicate if less perfumed wines of France, to the

concoctions of which they consume. It is not for him to say that their conversation would be

more inclusive, that their health less impaired and the example which they set and the influence which they distill would be of a different order. It is rumored here that now and again

are women who leave the Casino with uncertainty and in such a condition as necessitates their being conveyed to their homes. It may not be true. The writer has never been a witness to such an occurrence. Besides, if he may again venture to speak of himself, he is near sighted, and when he does see women he sees them

at their best. The rumor may be false. Admitting it to be so, it is none the less true that there are young women here, as elsewhere, who carry about them those little syringes which bear the name of Pfriz, and with which, at their convenience, they inject morphine. Their right to do so is inalienable. As a relative in certain crises of the emotions, it is excellent in every way. The point in this, as in drinking, is elsewhere. It is the example that is set and the influences distilled. It is not uncommon, for instance, to see kids absorbing cocktails with an air of entire appreciation. Apart from inherited impulse, a taste for liquor must be acquired. Here it is acquired. Children are monkeys. What they see others do, what they see their parents do, they are daft to do themselves. And how are you going to prevent them, particularly when it happens to be none of your affair?

Country life is excellent. But hotel life and Casino life is suitable only to those who have reached years of indiscretion. It may rejuvenate the old, but it ages the young.

In any case, here's to you. On the advantages of drinking, as on the disadvantages of death, opinions differ.

But opinions are free. Everyone is entitled to his own.

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